

THE  
POETICALL  
ESSAYES OF  
Alexander Craige  
SCOTOBRI-  
TANE.



Seene and allowed.

Imprinted at London by William  
White, dwelling in Cow-lane  
neere Holborne Conduit.

1604.

## THE AVTHOR TO HIS BOOKE.

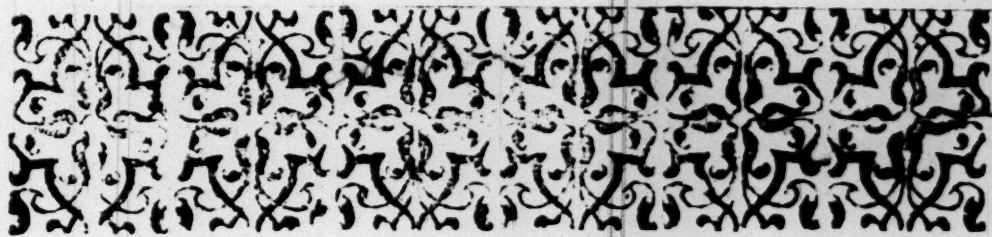
**W**hen *Dedalus* taught his tender Sonne to flee,  
Out through the subtle warrie vaults of aire:  
Goe not too high, nor yet too low, sayd hee:  
Of floodes beneath, of Fire aboue beware:  
So home-bred Rimes you *Icare*-like must rise,  
Mid-way betwixt the Vulgar and the Wise.

For you shall be vnto the vulgar sort  
No fit propine, because not vnderstood:  
And with the Wise you must haue small resort,  
Since they can reape in reading you no good:  
Like *Dedalus* I then direct, thus flie,  
Goe neither low, nor yet I pray too hie.

And though you be directed to a King,  
By any meanes approach not Court I pray,  
For some will say my precepts pricke and sting,  
And some shall scorne, some carpe, some cast away:  
But (as you must) if toward Court you goe,  
Since freindes are few, I pray you breed no foe.

*Aerij montes et mollia praeata, nemusq;  
et vos carminibus flumina nota meis,  
Quod me tam gracilem voluistis ferre Poetam  
indignor, magnae laudis amore calens.*





TO MY DREAD SO-  
VERAIGNE IAMES,  
by the grace of God, of  
Britaine, Fraunce and  
Ireland, King.



Atulus Lactatius hauing done  
the utmost of his endeouours to  
stay his Souldiers that fled be-  
fore their enemies, put him selfe  
among the Run-awayes, and dis-  
sembled to be a Coward, to beare  
them companie; That so they  
might rather seeme to follow  
their Captaine, then runne away from the Enemye: This  
was a neglecting of his reputation, to conceale the shame  
and reproch of others. I haue (accomplished Archi-  
Monarch) with the rest of these Borco-Britan Poets,  
been ingrately silent; and with the cold ashes of  
Feare, haue couered the coales of my Lowe: Because (as  
Archileonida sayd to the Thracian Legates, There were  
many mee more valiant Cittizens in Sparta, then her  
Sonne Brasidas,) I found my selfe but a doltish Cheril,  
among so many delicate Homers: And thus, neither  
durst I prayse thy Fortunes, nor congratulate thy Great-  
nes; But now am bold to present to your most sacred eyes  
these lonely liture, both to encourage others, & make sa-  
tisfaction

A 2.



## THE EPISTLE.

*tisfaction for my (seeming ingratitude) long silence. I intend not with those Macedonian Parasites to call Alexander, the Sonne of Iupiter: nor with Hermodorus to make Antigonus the sonne of Phœbus. I write not to enlarge thy fame, which is boundles; nor to begge reward, which I merit not; nor to purchase prayse, which I craue not; but in few lines to shew the infinitie of my Loue to your Grace. When Vuellius, at the Battell of Cremona was slaine, the Parthian King Vologesus sent Embassadors to Vespasian, offering him fourtie thousand Parthian Horsemen to ayde him, (This was a glorious and ioyfull thing to be sought vnto with offers of so great assistance, and yet not to need them): So thanks were given to Vologesus, and hee at perpetuall peace from thencefoorth with the Romans. I haue sent (dread Leige) these Papers Congratulatorie, and Parænetic, to your Maiestie, not that your Highnes needs them, but with Vologesus, to shew my Loue to Vespasian, and purchase his thanks. If you like my labours, they come not too late: if you loath them, they come too soone to light. Thus, bold as a true and louing Subiect, fearefull as a blushing and onmanumitted Prentice in Poesie, I remaine your  
Maiestes,*

*Forre Subiect, and bound beadman,*

Alexander Craige.



# TO THE READER.



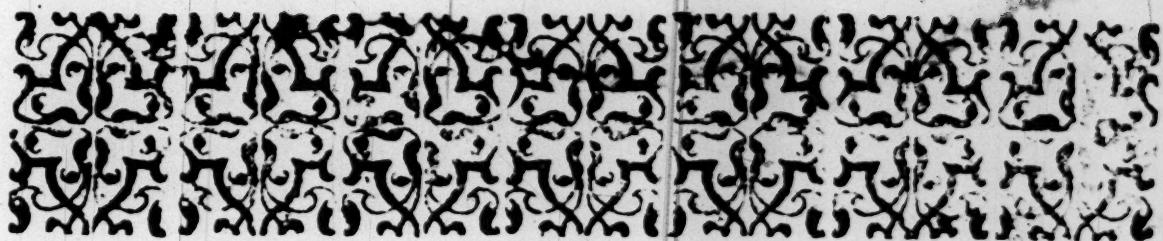
THE famous *Grecians* had a Law, (though after mitigated by *Charondas*) that who soeuer for feare did run away from Battle, should be punished with death. So, least I should come in the reuerence of that Law, or be called a Coward, I haue presumed to publish these my long conceyted Poems to common light : And like that valiant *Zayard* (who feeling himselfe deadly wounded, and vnable to sit on his Horse, commaunded his Souldiers to lay him against a tree, but in such sort, as he might die with his face to the Enemy) I resolute, since I haue already from wisest censors, receiued my death shot, by printing my papers, to die with my face to the Foe. And since (louing Reader) *Non omnibus datur adire Corinthus*, I am contented to be poynted at for a foolish Poet, so I may be reputed a faythfull Subiect. *Mauricius* forewarned by Dreames, and sundry Prognostications, that *Phocas* should kill him, demaunded of *Philip* his sonne in law who this *Phocas* was? Who answered, hee was a faynt and cowardly fellow. The Emperour thereby concluded, hee was both cruell, and a murderer. I feare no foe ( ) saue fayning *Phocas*, who cowardly concealing his owne, will cruelly murder my Verses. Thus humbly submitting my homely laboures to thy charitable cassage, I rest.

Thine as thou decerns  
and deserues,

*Alexander Craige.*







I. SONET.  
TO HIS MAIESTIE.



When others cease, now I begin to sing;  
And now when others hold their peace, I shout:  
(The Lord preserve sweete *Leonatus King*,  
That hee may rule great *Britane* round about:)  
But if perhaps your Maiestie shall doubt,  
what makes me sing whē others hold their peace:  
My rusticke Muse when as each one cry'd out,  
Could not be heard from so remote a place,  
Dombé Woonder then my Sense did so confound,  
The greater stroke astonished the more,  
When as I heard thy name so much renound,  
I felt as lying in a sound no sore:  
But now reuiu'd, I sing, when others cease,  
(In wonted mercie Lord preserve thy Grace.)

2

With mutuall losse, with none or litle gaine,  
When *Iliou* faire was fully set on fire,  
Proud *Paris* by his horie riuall slaine,  
And *Tyndaris* brought backe to her Empire:  
I know not if the *Phrygians* did require  
*Melides*, but loe when *Troy* was wrackt,  
Kind foole he came (some say at their desire)  
Yet sayd he nought, but sigh'd to see them sackt:

Hee

## POETICALL ESSAYES.

Hee then was kind, I kinder now Great Prince:  
Hee wept, I smild, to see thy *Troy* but blood:  
Hee sent for, I vnſought, and had long ſince  
Been heere, if that my coming could done good:  
Yet in this poynt our kindnes I conione,  
Wee come kind fooles to helpe when all is done.

### 3

Great *Pompey* cauſ'd his Heraulds to proclaime  
A publique Feaſt to nations farre and neare,  
The young, the old, the rich and poore, all came,  
As welcome guiſtes vnto that Princely cheare:  
One blind man at a lame began to ſpeare,  
What ſhall we doe? goe ſayd the lame, take way,  
I ſhall be guide, thou on thy backe ſhall beare  
My lamed limbes; and thus they keepe the day.  
Looke peereleſſe *Pompey* on my Lines and mee,  
They lame, and I without thy ſight am blinde:  
Wee come from fartheſt *Scotiſh* coaſtes to thee,  
Some portion of thy royall Feaſt to finde:  
It reſtes in thee to welcome vs therefore,  
And make me rich, that I may beg no more.

To



POETICALL ESSAYES.

TO THE KINGES  
MOST EXCELLENT  
MAIESTIE.

*Epistle Congratulatorie & Peranetic.*

**S**carfe had my Muse respitd the smallest space,  
From paynting prayses of our ciuill Pace,  
Pack'd vp by thee most gracious King of late  
In *Calidons* disturb'd vnquiet state,

When loe the Kalendes of this pleasant Spring,  
Vnto my eares did ioyfull tydings bring,  
That bles'd *Eliza* had resign'd her breath,  
And payde the last and hindmost debt to death:  
(O fearefull death! the satall end of all,  
With equall Mace thou chops both great and small)  
And thou design'd her Diadems to weyre,  
Of royall blood her nyest agnat heyre.

Thou like a *Noah* long has kep't thy Arke,  
Thoyld many storme by day, and gloomie darker:  
Yet would not breake thy ward till time thy God,  
Hath lent thee leaue, and bids thee walke abroad:  
But his commaund since thou would nothing do,  
Loe he hath ioynd his blessings therevnto.  
Come forth with Wife and Children, sweete command,  
The blessing breake and multiply the land.

Thus am I solu'd of all my wonted doubt,  
Nor wits nor weirdes thy fortunes brings about,  
But that eternall prouidence aboue:  
Which thou art bound to serue, with feare and loue.  
Those newes of new, haue wak'd my sleeping vaine,  
And makes me write vnto your Grace againe

B.

Most



## POETICALL ESSAYES.

Most hartty greetings of thy happy chaunce,  
Since thou art King of England, Ireland, Fraunce,  
Besides that famous and vnmatch'd renowne  
Of thy vnconquered olde and Scottish Crowne.  
Long desuetude hath rusted so my quill,  
My wits are weake, but great is my good will.  
Though scoffing Idiots will my paines deprave,  
And *Aristarchus* all the credite haue.

I am to thee (dread Leigē) thy aerie Elfe:  
I borrow but thy words to prayse thy selfe.

Let Muse-foe *Mars* elsewhere abroad go dwell,  
Of warres and wounds let forraine Fashions smell:  
Peace dwels with thee, where it hath dwelt so long,  
Prone to propell, and to permit no wrong.

Wise *Persander* wreates that Crownes of Kings,  
On many fearefull fluctuations hings:  
And that a Monarch's suretie no way stood  
In victories, in warrie broyles, and blood:  
But in the loue of Subiects trust and true,  
Thence said the saige did setting sure ensue.

Graue *Xenophon* thy registers records,  
That deeing *Cyrus* spoke those selfe same words.  
*Anax* rare, said so to *Philip* great,  
That loue and peace confirm's a Kings estate:  
In speculation Schoolemen beene diuine,  
But thou exceeds them Sou'raigne Syre sensine:  
For thou has put their sacred gnom's in vre,  
Perfection in thy practise makes thee sure.

Let forraine lands now looke with enuies ee,  
And who would rule, let him come learne at thee:  
When ather *Momus* or *Rhamnusia* barks,  
Thy wits are wondrous both in wreates and warkes.

Oft times said *Otho* in a rage, that hee  
Had rather chuse nor be a King to die.

And



## POETICALL ESSAYES.

And *Diocletian* said, to be a King,  
And well to rule, was most difficill thing.  
When *Dionise* at *Siracusa* sweare  
That *Damocles* some while his Crowne should weare;  
But being crownd, he plainly did protest  
He neuer could be blithe to be so blett.  
Were those on life for to behold thee now,  
They could not raigne, nor could they rule as thou.  
Thy match on mould nor was, nor yet shall bee:  
Thus might they learne for to be Kings at thee.

*Ariston's* praise is thine, as I suppose,  
Thou keepest thy friends, and reconciles thy foes:  
*Vespasian*-like, whome *Rome* obeyd with loue,  
A Shepheard both, and carefull King you prouet  
Thy folde bene broke, and lo thou hast tane paine  
To recollect thy erring flockes againe.  
Thy Scepter and thy Sheephooke both are one,  
Thou vnder heauen, their Herd and Lord alone,

And now as *Homer* paynted *Priam* forth,  
Thou has beside thee men of wit and woorth:  
Can any harme or strange thing now betide thee,  
*Vcageon Antenor* are beside thee.  
Like *Macedo* the wondering world may doubt thee,  
*Parmenio* and *Philotas* are about thee.  
For all these Kingdomes which thou doest command,  
A part by hop's, a happy part in hand,  
Thou has a Kingdome to thy selfe vnknowne,  
Looke rightly too, and *Cecil* is thine owne.

Were *Plato* now on life, then would he say  
That thy republikes blessed are this day:  
For thou art wise, and now wise counsell hants,  
And with thy wisdom thou suppliest their wants.

Yet this much more I plainly must impart,  
A friendly counsel from a faithfull heart:

Ba.

Though



## POETICALL ESSAYES.

Though farre from *Ioue* and thunder-claps I dwell,  
My Lines of loue, of truth, and zeale shall smell.  
Read then my Rymes most wile and prudent Prience,  
And let a Hog, teach *Minerue*, but offence.  
Not that I thinke your Grace has any need,  
Or know's not els what's heere before you need.  
No, I attest great sacred *Ioue* aboue,  
I onely write to manifest my loue:  
While in my tugure (such is my estate)  
I take repast of poore vnpeppered Kate.  
I thanke my God for such as he doth giue,  
And pray's withall, that well, and long thou liue:  
And in leces at solitarie times,  
Thou art remembred in my rusticke Rymes.  
*Sinetas* poore vnto the *Persian* King,  
Cold water in his hollow palme did bring:  
Which *Artaxerxes* louingly out-dranke,  
And gaue *Sinetas* both reward and thanke.  
Right so those riuels of my poore Ingyne,  
I heere present, from out this palme of mine.  
Read then (dread Leige) those trauails of my loue,  
Elaborate, and done for thy behoue.

1 Thus I begin, since adulations vaine,  
In Courts widd Kings and Monarch must remaine:  
To assentators thou must giue some eare,  
But be no prouder of their prayse a haire:  
For *Macedo* would needs be cald a God,  
And to this end his Edicts blew abroad:  
Which on his head did heape disgrace the rather  
Sith he asham'd that *Phillip* was his father.

2 Giue Parasites enough, but not too much,  
And be not lauish, least thy lucke be such  
As *Timon Coluens*, who outspent  
On *Demeas* and *Gnatonides* his rent;

Of



## POETICALL ESSAYES.

Of that vnthankfull numer liue anew,  
To promise much, and to performe but few:  
Be thou the stone (precellent Prince) of such,  
For to secerne the honest mindes from such.

3 The faithfull man that once hath done thee good,  
And for thy life hath ventured life and blood;  
Be thankfull still to him, doe not despise him,  
But with thy selfe thinke thou can nee're acquite him:  
Proue not vnkinde to cause true *Phocion* die,  
That thus hath fought, and won the field for thee,  
But when such friends so nigh thy sides are scene,  
Remember then but them thou had not beene.

4 *Serapion* who is not taught to speike,  
Let him not want, suppose he shame to seike:  
He is thine owne, and loues thee as the leaue,  
His speaking lookes will tell when he would haue:  
Be (prudent Prince) a *Pompey* in this case,  
A benefite vnought hath double grace.

5 Change not too oft the Rulers of thy state,  
For that may breed intestine strange debate:  
The Flee is els full, from sucking more will flake,  
But hungry Gnats will make thy woundes to ake:  
I pray for them as did *Hymera* old,  
For *Dionise*, the tigrish tyran bold,  
(Lord saue sayd shee, our King from death, disgrace,  
For were he gone, a worle would get his place)  
Since in this poynt th'*apodosis* is plaine,  
I turne my stile vnto your Grace againe.

6 If any friend in louing forme reuale  
Twixt you and him your o'ersights, loue him well:  
(Since *Plato* sayes, the brauest mindes bring foorth  
Both hatefull vice, and vertue of most worth.  
Wise *Plutarch* writes, in fertill *Egypt* grew  
With medicable, enuenomd hearbes anew.)



## POETICALL ESSAYES.

Doe no rebuke, nor publique shame approue,  
But friendly counsaile, which proceedes from loue:  
Be not a drunke *Cambyses* in dispeire,  
For counsell kind to kill *Treaspas* heire.

7 Take *Turinus*, and smooke him to the death,  
Who falsly sels for bribes thy royall breath.

8 Though *Alexander* in a raging ire,  
For praying *Philip* his renowned Sire,  
Kind *Clitus* kild, be thou more meeke in minde,  
And to the prayers of thy Parents kinde.

9 Within thy heart let no iniustice hant,  
Let not the wrong'd man weepe for iustice want:  
*Pausanias* plaintes proud *Philip* did disdain,  
And cruelly for his contempt was flaine.

10 A Woman old fell downe vpon her knee,  
And cryed *Demetrius*, heare my plaints and mee:  
I haue no leasure answerd he againe.  
Hee takes no leasure sayd the wife to reigne.  
Doe not thine eares *Demetrius*-like obdure,  
With patience heare the sad and plaintiue poore.

11 Proud *Leo* spoyld *Iustinian* his croune,  
Deform'd his face, and cut his nose quite doune:  
But when he got his Diadems againe,  
He punisht those that erst procur'd his paine.  
Each gut of rheume that from his nose did floe,  
Gave argument for to cut off a foe.  
O do not thou great Prince delight in blood!  
Of crueltie thou know's can come no good;  
Be thou *Licurgus*, though thou lackes an ee.  
Forgiue *Alexander*, make him man to thee.

12 *Quellus*-like haue not a facill will,  
Now to graunt grace, and straight commaund to kill.

13 Great are thy fortunes, farre beyond beleife.  
Thou needes no Realmes, nor foraine rents by reife.

Thy



## POETICALL ESSAYES.

Thy minde may well luxuriat in thy wealth,  
Thy Crown's are thine but blood or strife or stealth;  
And since thy fortunes are so rare: O than!  
Each day with *Philip*, thinke thou art a man.

14 Though *Agathocles Sicil* did enioy,  
Yet was he sometime but a Potters Boy:  
And that his pride should not become too great,  
In vessels but of Loame he tooke his meate.  
Thy witt's the weird's with great promotion tryes,  
For woonder few are happy both and wise:  
Though thou be free from blast's of any storme,  
Bee humil still, and keepe thy wonted forme.

15 Wreat not thy Law's with blood as *Draco* did,  
The God of heau'n such crueltie forbid:  
A happie Life, makes ay a happie end,  
Be thou a *Solon*, *Dracis* Law's to mend.

16 *Herodotus* the Histor, and right so  
The Poet *Pindars* wreats, with many mo,  
That Monarch's great, examples good should giue,  
Since from their Lords the Laiks learne to liue.  
Kinkes be the glas, the verie scoole, the booke,  
Where priuate men do learne, and read, and looke:  
Be thou th' attractiue Adamant to all,  
And let no wicked wrest thy wits to fall.

Goe not to *Delphos* where *Apollo* stands,  
*Licurgus*-like with off'rings in thy hands,  
By hellish votes and oracles to see  
What to thy Law should paired or erked bee:  
From great *Iekouah* counsaile seeke, and hee  
Shall giue both Gnom's and Oracles to thee,  
And shall thy spir't with prudence so inspire,  
As all the world shall wonder and admire.

17 From Countries farre great King behold and see,  
With rich Oblations Legates come to thee:

With

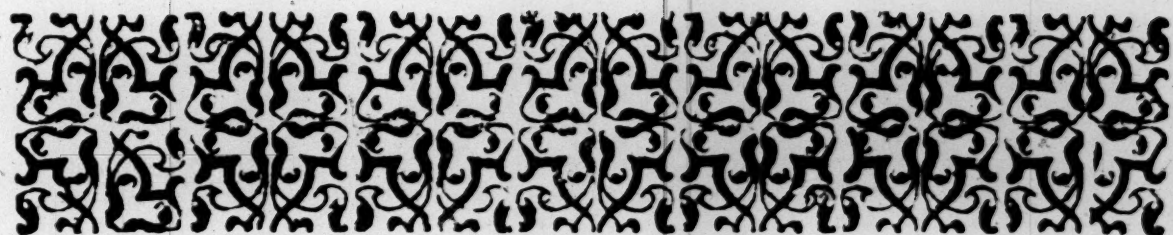


## POETICALL ESSAYES.

With *Vexores*, and *Tanais* be glaide,  
Offame and honour let it not be saide,  
Thou art a greedie *Ninus*; fie for shame,  
That were a staine vnto thy Noble name.

18 Last, since thou art the child of Peace, I see  
Thy workes, and writes, are witnes both with mee:  
(Thy workes I haue no leasure to vnfold;  
And though I had, are tedious to be told:  
Thy Writes are wond'rous both in prose and ryme)  
Let Vertue waxe and flourish in thy tyme:  
Though thou be best, and greatest both of Kinges,  
Mongit Poets all, is none so sweetely singes.  
Thou art the sweete *Musans* of our dayes;  
And I thy Prentice, and must giue thee prayse:  
Some other Writer must thy Woorth proclaime,  
Thou shalt not sing vpon thy selfe for shame:  
Thou hast transalpine Poets of thine owne,  
Whose tragique *Cothurnus* through the world are knowne:  
Thou has likewise of home-bred *Homers* store,  
Poore *Craige* shall be thy *Cheryl*, and no more,  
Since all my life suppose I Poetize,  
I see seauin *Philippeans* must suffice:  
Not that thou art not liberall at will;  
No, no, wise Prince, but caus my Verse are ill,  
Yet since this furie is but lent to few,  
Let vs not want, thou shalt haue Verse anew:  
If these seeme pleasant, I shall sing againe;  
If not, I will from being bold abstaine,  
And cease to write; but neuer cease to pray,  
The God of heauen preserue thee night and day.





## THE MOST VERTVOVS

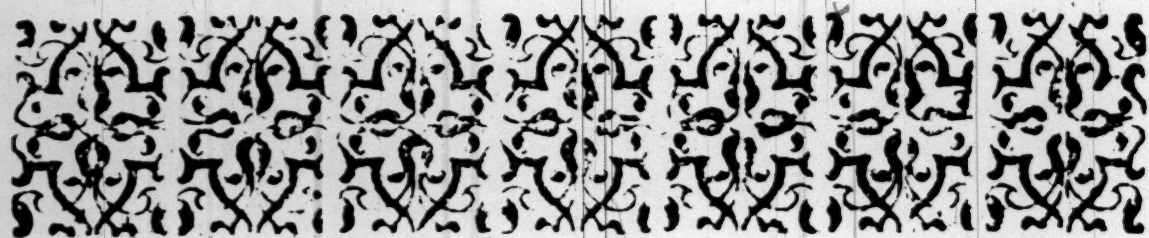
and accomplished Prince *ANNA*, Queene of  
*Britane, Fraunce, and Ireland*; Complaineth  
the absence of her Lord and Spous  
*IAMES*, King of the  
foresayd Realmes.

**W**Here habit was, dwels sad Priuation now,  
And I am made an Orphane from delight:  
To want the sweete fruition of thy sight,  
In balefull bed my body when I bow,  
Yea neither can I tell, nor can ye trow,  
How blacke alace and noysome is each night,  
Nor yet how loathsome is this common light,  
Since absence made diuorse twixt mee and you.  
I am thy *Phaba*, thou my *Phæbus* faire:  
I haue no light nor life, but lent from thee,  
Curst then be absence, causer of my care,  
Which makes so long this loath'd eclipse to bee.  
What woonder I through lake of presence pine?  
Worm's haue alace their Sunne, and I want mine.

*Scotlandes*

C.





## Scotlands Teares.

**W**Hen fabling *Aesop* was at fatall *Delphes* tane,  
And there by doome condemn'd to be precipitat & flane  
He like a woman weep't, and tooke delight in teaires,  
Cause they alienat and made lesse the conscience of his caires.  
But *Solon* when he spi'd his decreest sonne was dead,  
He weepd the more, because his teaires to grief gaue no remead:  
Yet neither he nor he by teaires could salue his ill,  
Though of those salt and fruitles floods impetuous spaits they spil  
Then maymed *Scotland* thou made Orphane from delight,  
Whom all the hosts of heaucns abhor with vnderferu'd despight.  
With decing *Aesop* mourne, or wofull *Solon* weepe:  
And tho as they, thou weepe in vaine let not thy sorrow sleepe:  
With frustrat *Aesau* shout, curse life and wish to dee,  
Since *Jacob* with his mothers helpe thy blessing steals from thee:  
Now riual *England* brag, for now, and not till now  
Thou has compeld vnconquered harts & sturdy necks to bow.  
What neither wits, nor wars, nor force afore could frame,  
Is now accomplisht by the death of thy Imperiall Dame.  
*Eliza* faire is gone, into the land of rest,  
To that *Elisium* predecied and promis'd to the blest:  
And *England* for her sake now weaires the sabill weede,  
But *Scotland* if thou rightly looke thou has more cause indeede.  
They for a *Dian* dead, *Apollos* beames enioy,  
And all their straying steps allace, our *Titan* dooth tonnoy



## POETICALL ESSAYES.

Now dawn's their gloriſ day with *Phœbus* rayes beſpred,  
 And we are but *Cymmerian* ſlaues with gloomy clouds outſled.  
 Rich neighbour nation then, from thy complayning ceaſe:  
 Not thou, but we ſhould ſigh, & ſo to our complaints giue place.  
 Our Garland lacks the Roſe, our chatron tins the ſtone,  
 Our Volier wants the *Philomet*, we left all alone.  
 What art thou *Scotland* then? no Monarchie allace,  
 A oligarchie deſolate, with ſtraying and onkow face,  
 A maymed bodie now, but ſhaip ſome monſtrous thing,  
 A reconfuſed chaos now, a countrey, but a King.  
 When *Paris* ſed his flockes among the *Phrygian* plaines,  
*Ænone's* loue was his delights, his death were her diſdaynes. 1  
 But when allace he knew that *Priam* was his Sire,  
 He left *Ænone* ſweet, and ſyne for *Helen* would aſpire.  
 Proud *Pellex England* ſo thou art the adulterat brid,  
 Who for *Ænone* thinkes no ſhame to lye by *Paris* ſid.  
 Who knowes ere it be long, but our your happy King,  
 With *Belgic*, *Celtic*, *Aquitan*, to his Empire may bring?  
 And he (why ſhould he not) your *Trojanant* ſhall leaue,  
 And vnto *Parife* ſpurre the poſt, his right for to receaue?  
 Then, then ſhall *England* weepe, and ſhed abounding teaires,  
 And we ſhall to our comfort find companions in our caires.  
 And till it ſo befall, with pitie, not with ſcorne,  
 Vpon this conſinde Kingdome looke, as on a land forlorne:  
 Wiſe *Plato* would not once admit it in his minde,  
 He lou'd *Xenocrates* ſo well, he could become vnkinde,  
 And no more can we thinke dread Leige, though thou be gone,  
 Thou will vngratly leaue vs thus diſconſolat alone,  
 By Contrars Contrars plac'd, no dout moſt clearely kith, (blith.  
 And now thy abſence breeds our bale, whoſe biding made vs  
 O were thou not both wiſe and good, we ſhould not mourne,  
 We would not for thy abſence weepe, nor wiſh for thy returne.  
 Long ſleepe made *Rufus* looſe the vſe of both his eene.  
 O do not thou ſweet Prince make ſtay, leſt thou forget vs cleene

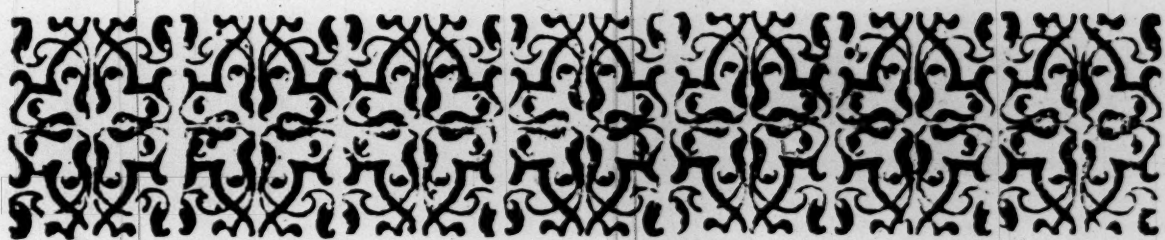


## POETICALL ESSAYES.

Like *Epimenides* when thou returns againe : (slaine,  
 The shapp of al things shal be chaing't, thine own sheepe shalbe  
*Democrit* rather choose no King at all to bee,  
 Then ouer wicked men to rule, and such allace are wee :  
 Our Jewell *England* ioyes, & yet no way dooth wrong vs; (vs:  
 The world may see we were not worth, that thou shuld be among  
 But since it must be thus, and thou art forc'd to flitt,  
 Now like a Heart in to the mids of thy great body sitt :  
 And from thy *Troynauant*, which pleasures store impairts,  
 Behold thy Kingdom's round about thy hand in all the Airts;  
 Examples old thou tak's, and lay's before thy face,  
 The famous *Numids* thoght the midst to be most honored place  
 Thus by *Hyempsals* side *Adherbal* *Salust* sets,  
 And so *Ingurtha* in the midst wee need no intrance gets.  
 Graue *Maro* mak's likway, the Queene of *Cartage* braue,  
 Betwix *Ascanius* and the wise *Aeneas*, place to haue,  
 Dooth not *Apollo* too in proudest pompe appere,  
 With bright and day-adorning beames in his meridian sphere?  
 So thou has choos'd the midst, of all thy Kingdom's knowne;  
 For looke about thee where thou list, thou looks but on thine owne  
 And since the Gods decree (Great King) that so shall bee,  
 Since Peace must flourish in thy time, & Wars must cease & die,  
 But competition too, since thou has *Englands* Crowne,  
 Which was a *Heptarchie* of old, of vncontrould renowne,  
 Let Vs and *Al-bi-on*, that wee with one consent, (tent.  
 One God, one King, one Law, may be t'adore, serue, keepe, con-  
 In *Rome* the *Sabins* grew, with *Tyrians* *Troians* mixt,  
 And *Iuda* ioynd with *Israel*, but least wee seeme prolix't,  
 And that our louing plaint's, and teares may now take end,  
 Thee to thy Crowns, thy Crowns to thee, the great good God  
 (defend.

*Calidons*





## CALIDONS COMPLAINT

At the apparent Voyage to her *England*, of  
*ANNA* Queene of *Great Britaine, France,*  
and *Ireland*: with *HENRIE* Prince of  
*Wales*, her most gracious Sonne.

**A**ND shall no light at all to len vs light be left?  
Shal Sunn, Moone, fixed & those smal erratic stars be rest?  
And was it not ynough that *Titan* tooke the flight?  
Might not sweete *Cynthia* yet made stay for to haue lent vs light?  
Since Sunne and Moone must goe, & that bright *Harie* Starr,  
Let *Pluto* now compare with vs in darknes if he darr,  
From darknes was alace our deriuation old  
The fatall name *ΣKOTIA* nought but darknes doth vnfold,  
Shall our estate allace from state be thus downthrowne,  
Shal *Scotland* hensforth haue againe no cround K. of their owne?  
Shal wee from King, Queene, Prince, & all their brood disseuer?  
And shall not *Scotland* be againe inhabited for euer?  
Shall ghastly *Ziim* cry, and *Oim* make there sport,  
Within the Palaces where once but Monarch's made resort?  
At libertie alas shall *Fanns* and *Satyrs* lope,  
And to a hellish cold dispare conuert our former hope:  
And dare not *Orpheus* looke but once againe abacke?  
Or shall wee finde nothing at all, but fundamentall wracke?  
Would God that vmquhyle Dame (the wisest Dame in deed,  
That euer *Britaine* earlt hath borne, or yet againe shall breed)  
Would God as yet shee were to brooke her trident Mace,  
Then shuld we not bin poynted at for wrake, scorne, & disgrace  
Thou saild the glasse salt and conquered endles fame,

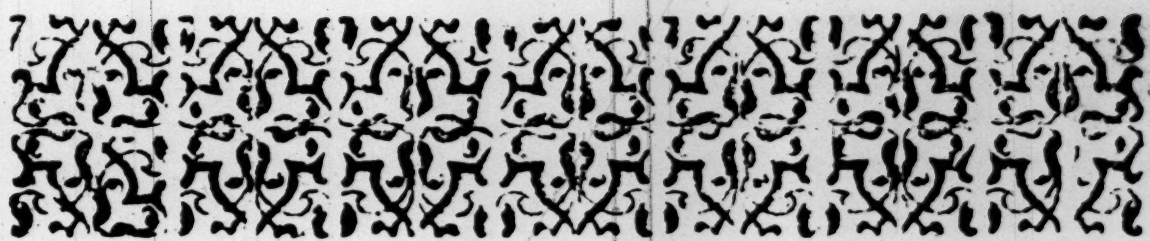


## POETICALL ESSAYES.

In prime of loue Heroic Prince, to see thy *Danish* Dame,  
 In fleeing towres of tree thou croc'd the bounded Roares,  
 And brought our Queene, thy sacred Spous to *Calidonian* shores  
 O'er not loue wax cold! nor be not now vnkind, (wind,  
 Thou need not feare for foamic floods, nor pray for prosperous  
 Since shee sweet Dame is seik, thy Sonn but young in yeers,  
 With *Cancer* *Leo* burns aboue into their torrid Spheers:  
 Make then a blef'd returne to see them both againe,  
 But ô allace! wee ware those words vnto the winds in vaine:  
 For they must go to thee, more to increas our cairs,  
 And leaue no thing behind them here, but sorow, sighs, & teairs.  
 Thē wherto serue those plaints? who know's what is appoynted,  
 Or what the Destinies decrees to do with their Anoynted.  
 Nor *Douir*, nor those *Alps*, nor *Tybers* volted Arche,  
 Vnto that *Archunenarche* great King *Iames* must be a Marche:  
 The heauins of the great Prince had care in to thy Coode,  
 And kept thee when thou no thing knew of ather bad or good.  
 How many treasons strange, and conspirations great,  
 Haue bin contriu'd against thy crowne, & standing of thy state?  
 Before thou was, and since thou has eskaip'd huge snairs.  
 Be blithe *Tued* march'd thy kingdoms once, & now must march  
 Thy name shal be enough to conquer seas & lands, (thy cairs,  
 And manumit afflicted *Greece* from *Turke* and tyrans hands.  
 When *Rome* shall be subdew'd, may thou no go abroad,  
 And make *Bizantium* old obey the great alguiding God.  
 But if thou greyus great King our greiued harts to glade,  
 Of thy triennall visiting, performe thy promise made.  
 Faire gracious Dame, whose match nor was, nor shall be scene,  
 Though fortune smile, remēber yet that thou was first our Queene  
 Accompleisd peereles Prince in body both and mind,  
 Thinke on thy native soyle with loue, and be not cold vnkind:  
 And to sice King, Queene, Prince, and all our all must go,  
 The Trinitie aboue preserue this Trinitie be-low.

*Elizabeth*





ELIAZABETH, LATE  
QVEENE OF ENGLAND,  
HER GHOST.

Cease louing Subiects, cease my death for to deplore,  
And do no more with dririe cryes my dolfull hearse decorẽ  
Though like *Cynegirus*, when both the hands are gone,  
Yee would detainẽ me with your teeth in my Emperiall throne.  
Bee *Thracians* now I pray, and hence-soorth cease to mone,  
Ere it be long in quiet peace ye shall finde fiue for one:  
For if you can beleuee my prophetizing ghost,  
*Aeneas* gaue *Anchises* trust, you shall not thinke me lost,  
The death of one (some say) the birth of one should bee:  
Three mails & femels two you haue, most famous fiue for mee:  
For as I seald my Will, my Designation dew,  
And did concredit by the rest to my *Achates* trew:  
So now my ghost is glad, that by my care his paine, (gaine,  
My countries haue their lawfull King, the King his crowns a-  
Then bransh imbellish'd soyle, most pleasant, most perfite:  
The onely earthly *Eden* now for pleasure and delighte.  
Rich *England* now reioyce, heaue vp to heauen thy hands,  
The blessed Lord hath blest thy bounds beyond al other lands.  
Since no *Sardanapal* is now become thy King,  
No *Dionise* nor *Nero* proud, my death to thee doth bring.  
A King vnwoont to giue, or yet to take offence:  
A godly *Dauid* ruleth now, a Prophet and a Prince.

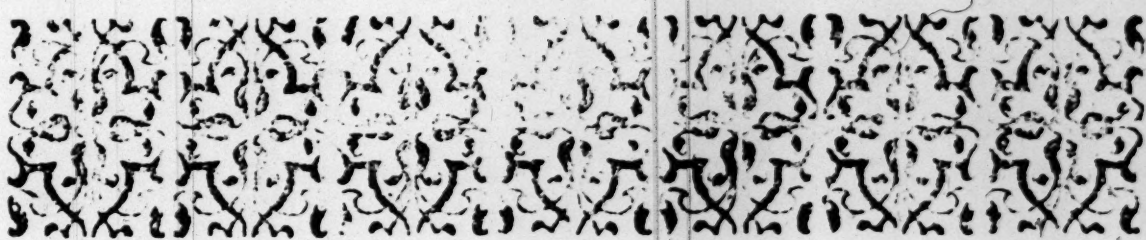
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## POETICALL ESSAYES.

The Pupill now is blith, the Widow weepes not now,  
No depredations in thy boundes, the Rushbush keeps the Kow,  
The Lyons now agree, and do in Peace delight:  
The Thirsel now defends & guards the red Rose & the white.  
The British Saints shake hands with crosses ioynd and spred,  
Whose cullours on the glassie salt no terror sinall haue bred:  
Those now conioynd in one through *Neptuns* bounded roares,  
Shal make the ventring mercheand sail secure to forane shoares:  
Flee swift-wingd Fame & tell the best & rarest new's (hew's,  
That time hath yet brought forth by night or dayes delightfull  
For Ships & Swans most rich, most faire, & famous *Thamis*,  
Tell *Neptune*, *Thetis*, *Triton* too the haps of great king *JAMES*.  
Thou murdring *Galliglas*, who long my Laws withstood,  
Learne to obey, and bath no more thy blade in british blood:  
All you my Subiects deire, do homage dew to him,  
And that shal make my blessed ghozt in boundles ioyes to swim.

To





SONET,  
To his Maiestie of the  
Vnion of the two famous Realmes  
*Scotland and England.*

**S***Cilurus* had twice fourtie Children male,  
And teaching them in peace to passe their dayes,  
And that no foe should gainst their force preuale,  
His louing minde hee wisely thus bewrayes:  
A bundle of Darts before their eyes he layes,  
And pray'd each Sonne to breake the same: at length,  
When hee and hee to crush those Darts assayes,  
But all in vaines; hee told them Vnions strength.  
You are a Father, and a famous Prence,  
Great are the bounds which are great King thine owne,  
And like a sacred *Scilure* in this sence,  
Keepes *Britaine* whole, least it should be ouerthrowne.  
The God of heau'n effect what thou intends,  
And bring thy proiects to their happie ends.

D.

To



# To the Queens most

Excellent Maiestie.

## 1. SONET.

**I**N *Pallas* Church did wretched *Irus* stand,  
And saw her paynted on the Chalk-whit wall,  
With Booke in one, and Sword in other hand:  
And on his face (poore soule) did flatlings fall.  
Synce sayd aloud, since I allace am thrall  
To pouertie, that I may not propine  
Thy Godhead great, with gift nor great nor small,  
Yet while I liue, my seruice shall be thine.  
So all the pow'rs of this my poore Ingynne,  
Shall bee (Faيرة Dame) employed to pen thy praise.  
Thou in Cymmerian gloomie darke shall shyne,  
And on thy Vertues, worlds to come shall gaize.  
Thus *Irus*-like wife *Pallas* I adore,  
And honour thee, since I can do no more.

## 2. SONET.

*Of her Highnes Natall; being the shortest day.*

**G**REAT mightie *IOVE* from his imperiall place,  
And all the *GODS* for blythnes of *Thy Birth*,  
Came downe from Heau'n to see thy fairest face,  
Glad



## POETICALL ESSAYES.

Glad to Be guarded by thy beauties girth.  
And *Neptune* fet his flocks out through the Firth,  
With all the *Nymphs* in Floods and Seais that dwell:  
On *Baleus* backs they mounted, made their mirth,  
To see thy shapp, all leiuing leids excell:  
And *Phæbus* father to the Fooll that fell,  
In lowest state his yocked Horse did stay;  
But fearing least thy beam's should burne him fell,  
Hee stole aback, and vpward went away.  
And for thy saik thy Natall day each yeir,  
He visits yet into his lowest spheir.

### 3. SONET.

*New yeir Gift.*

THIS Apill round I send, ô matchles fare!  
As children do for thryscals good agane,  
Not such as that by which th' *Enbean* rare,  
The loue of his *Atlanta* swift did gane:  
Nor that by which *Acontius* did beguile  
*Cydicpe* sweet in sacred *Dian's Fane*.  
My minde abhors all such inuention vile,  
No secret slight doth in my gift remane:  
It more resembleth that which *Ate* threw  
Mongst *Pallas, Iuno, Venus*, Dames diuine.  
To thee great *Queene* of all this courtly crew,  
I do present this paynted Apill mine.  
Were it of Gold, or Paris I, faire Dame,  
It should be thine, thou best deseru's the same.

D 2..

*Sonet*



## POETICALL ESSAYES.

### 4. SONET.

**T**Hose famous old *Gymnosophists* of *Inde*,  
Which *Alexander* did so much admire,  
And compted but as churlish and vnkinde,  
Cause they refus'd his offred Gold and geir.  
Their greatest care and studie was we heir,  
To view and marke the motions of the Sunn,  
To know his courses in his Zodiac Spheir.  
From *Phospor's* rising till the night begun.  
Such is my state, O sacred Saint by thee,  
I am a poore *Gymnosophist* of thine,  
Thou art that *Sunn* which I delight to see,  
No wealth I wish but that on mee thou shine.  
They long'd for night, so long-some was their day,  
Blithe would I bee for to behold thee ay.

To



# TO THE VERTVOVS AND ACCOMPLISHED

Sir *JAMES HAY* Knight,  
one of his Highnes most  
royall bed-chamber.



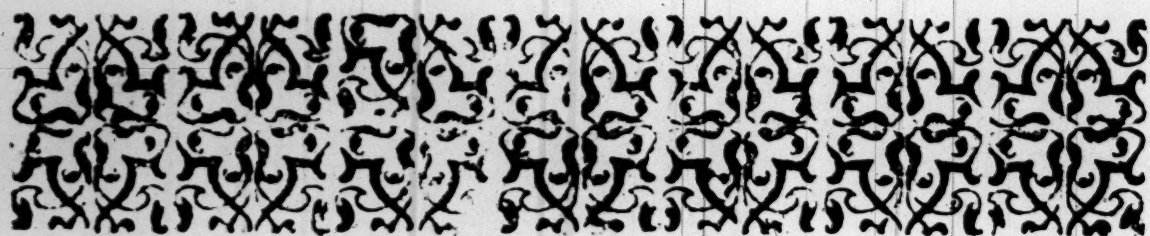
*Hen a bad Wrestler became a knauish Phi-  
sition, Courage (said Diogenes to him)  
thou has reason so to doe; for now shalt  
thou helpe to put them in the ground, who  
heretofore haue layd thee on it. I am from  
a luckles louer, become an infortunat Poet,  
and haue determined with Courage, to  
write Ditties against my riual, that  
breedes my disgraces, and with Archilochus, I minde  
to make Lycambes hang him selfe. Agrippina foretold by Astro-  
logues, that her Sonne Nero should kill her: answered. Let him  
kill mee, so he may be Emperour, and succeed to Claudius: all  
my senses in wofull lingage (which makes me begge thy patrocinie)  
like facidic Astrologs tell me my Pamphlet of the Cuckoe and  
Philomel, shalbe vnwelcome to many, and receiue strange Com-  
mentaries: but if you be content, I care not; my greatest ambition  
is to breed your content: my pleasure to please you, whose Ada-  
mantine vertues haue drawne the Iron of my loue. In publique  
or priuate, in peaceable negotiations, or warlike occupations to  
leue, or die greatly, or gloriously, I know no forme or fortune of  
man, I can admire or regard with so much honour, with so much  
loue; yea, at all aduentures of life & death, thou mayest command.*

*Thine owne poore friend and seruient,*

D 3.

CRAIGE.





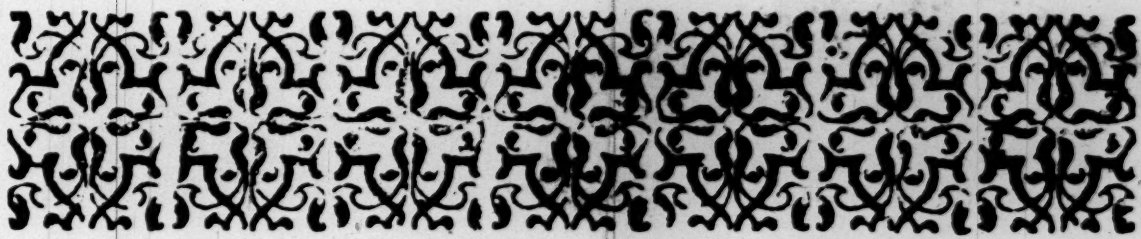
## THE CVCKOE, AND PHILOMEL

*CRAIGE to his Riuall.*

**T**HE *Cucko* once (some say) would *Philomel* assaile,  
*Arachne*-like, if shee or shee in singing should preuaile:  
The garrient *Goke* would needs with *Prognos* sister striue,  
And proudly prease poore *Philomel* of dew praise to deprive  
Then was the long eard *Asse* made Iudge vnto their Song,  
Who with the *Cucko* sentence gaue, & wrought the other wrong.  
O Arbitr vnfitt to such discording tunes,  
Yet iarring notes from *Lays* diuine rude Nature still seiuns.  
This mak's poore *Philomel* repent, and oft repeat,  
In thornie braiks by sabill night th' *Arcadian* beasts decreit.  
Such is my carefull case, my riuall foe I see,  
For all these charming Songs of mine is farr preferd to mee:  
For all the Sonnets sweet that I can sing or say,  
Or send to her, I cum no speid, the *Cucko* is my stay:  
And shee whom still I serue, most like that long eard beast,  
Maks mee by her decreit to leue inglorious and disgrac't.  
But what remeid I rest, content to want reward,  
Since *Cuckoes* are in such accompt, and *Philomel* debard.  
Since *Phæbus* scops to *Pan*, and *Minerue* glad to yeild  
Vnto th' inuennomd Spiders webb, I gladly loose the feild,  
Yet shall I still complaine, nay shall shee heir mee cry,  
The *Philomel* sings to her selfe, and hencefoorth so shall I.

*A po.*





## APOLOGIE FOR HIS RIVAL.

**T**HE *Cucko* once (tis trew) in singing, did compare  
With *Progne* sister *Philomel*, *Pandion's* daughter faire:  
And then the *Asine* graue, pronounc'd a sentence trew,  
For many arguments, of which fond Rival read those few.  
The *Cucko* with sweet songs saluts the yeerly Spring,  
Poore *Philomel* in tragic tunes of *Terens* wrongs doth sing.  
Through tops of tallest trees the soaring *Cucko* flies,  
While *Philomel* in lowest shrubs complains, dispaire, & dies.  
The *Cuckoes* not's declare of humane life the date, (peate.  
While hart-broke *Philomel* must still her painefull plaints re-  
The *Cucko* sings her name, no borrowed note nor strange,  
While *Philomel* for *Itis* blood, a thousand tunes must change.  
The *Titling* doth attend the *Cucko* late and aire,  
And of her eggs and Plumeles birds she tak's continuall care,  
None tends poore *Philomel*, for all her charms and chrills, (thrills  
Yea if she sleip, the poynted thorne out-through her breist-bone  
The *Cucko* spends the Spring in mirth both eue and morne,  
And to the ielus heirar still portends the forked Horne.  
At *Iuno's* sute great *Ioue* became a *Cucko* faire: (paire?  
Why shuld the brood of *Grecian* Kings, with Gods about com-  
Then *Phælus* stoope to *Pan*, be *Minerue* glad to yeeild  
Vnto th'innuennomd Spiders web, for thou must loose the feild:  
And thou must be content to weepe, and want reward,  
Since *Cuckoes* are in such accompt, and *Philomel* debard.  
Thou to thy selfe complains, alone thou weepes and murns,  
Do so poore soule till fortune change, whose fauour goes by turns.





## APPELLATION TO THE LION.

**T**He Lion some time went abraode to spy his pray,  
And with the Fox he made the Asse cōpanions of his way,  
Through wildsome wayes & foraine fells they fare,  
To find some food, which found, the Asse wold needs diuide  
And thus triparts the pray, and sets his terce aside: (& share,  
Yet died therefore; iust punishment of ignorance and pride.  
But lo the fraudfull Fox did greeid and greife disgyse,  
And by the Asins miserie with wealth of wils was wyse,  
Now neither perrils past, nor no examples new,  
Can mooue the Asins of this age; O damn'd iudocil crew:  
That long caird beast my Iudge hath made my riualle sleepe,  
Fools concolor in fauours lap, while I poore wretch must weepe.  
Then *Lion* great of *Kings*, and *King* of *Lions* all,  
To thee my Soueraigne and my Iudge, I do appeale and call:  
Thou heares and sees my wrongs, thou must dread Leige alone  
Correct the *Cucko*, and detruide the *Asine* from his throne.  
I like *Xantippus* Dogg, haue faund and followed thee,  
And will thou suffer mee in sight of *Salamin* to die.  
It greeues my heart to see those *Cuckoes* of the Spring, (sing.  
Those tamed beasts, whom *Bion* traits, what flattering tunes they  
I burst when I behold braue *Homers* Cloake so bare,  
When eu'ry foole & simple sheepe the golden fleece doth weare  
To thee alone I flie, in hope to find refuge:  
Why should the leaud and lasie Asse to numered lyus be Iuge?  
My Fortune and my Fate do both depend on thee,  
My Spring expireth, shall I sing, or shall I silent bee?  
Set downe thy sentence heir, and quickly cure my care,  
Or let my wretched life take end twixt silence and dispare.

*Epistle*





## EPISTLE TO HIS FRIEND.

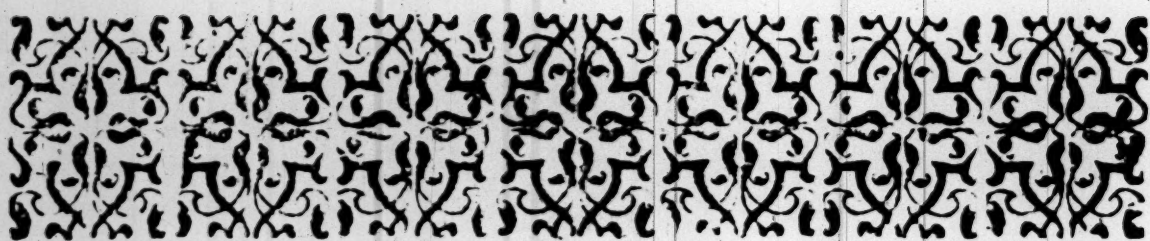


*Am fully perswaded, that no man lyuing hath a more forgetfull minde of benefitts receiued, then my selfe; and none more maliciously mindfull of smallest iniuries, then miserable I : In the first a Melitides, who could not number fise : In the last, a vindictiue Darius, who least hee should forget the wrongs he receiued from the Athenians, caused his Paige when soeuer he sate downe to his Table, sing to him, Sir remember the Athenians. Thy courtesies, thy louing kindnes, thy hospitalitie, patrocinie in perels, and thy vnnmerited munificence are all forgotten, and thy least escapes (Anonym friend) are here too much remembred, which both condemns thy inconstancie, and my vnkindnes : thy waucring, and my weaknes. The Pythagorians make good to be finit, and euill infinit : so is humane waikenes redier to repay in greatest measure the smallest euill, then to repay in smallest measure the greatest good receiued : read then ( ) thy faults, and my follies : and while thou reads, mend the first in thy selfe, and pittie the last in*

*Thine old, and if thou will,  
yet louing Friend,*

CRAIGE.





TO HIS ANONIM FREIND  
and Mistres *PALINODE*.

**I**N Annals old we read *Ioue* had but daughters two,  
The one with *Ceres* he begat, *Proserpine* hight, and so  
Her for her beauties saik, proud *Pluto* Prince of hell,  
Amid the flowrie meadowes spoild, and keepes vnto him sell:  
The other *Helene* sayre in likenesse of a Swan,  
He gat with *Lada*, and beguild poore *Tyndarus* her man.  
Hir *Theseus* tooke away, and had to *Athens* home,  
And made her *Hymens* rupture long ere *Menelaus* come.  
Thus *Ioue* no daughter had vnspoyld at all you see,  
Yet must *Pirithous* haue one to keepe his oath, or dee.  
Braue *Theseus* was his friend, his loue he would not haue:  
Then must *Proserpine* be spoild from *Plutoes* pitchie caue:  
(For who can be content bright beautie should be chaine,  
Or in *Cymmerian* gloomy darke with *Dis* should be detaind?)  
Thus to the hells he haists, and is by *Cerber* slaine:  
And *Theseus* till *Alciades* came, in fetters did remaine:  
O monument most rare of true and perfect loue,  
Which neither beautie nor the hells could any way remoue.  
Though *Tyndarus* was blaz'd the brightest that hath beene,  
*Pirithous* would from her loue for *Theseus* loue abstene:  
And when *Pirithous* tooke iourney towards hell,  
Braue *Theseus* would accompany his friend, as stories tell:  
But faith, nor truth on earth, nor friendship now is naine,  
And *Pirithias* now will loose his life, or *Damon* come againe.  
There is no loue allace vpon this mournfull molde,  
Least *Mydas*-like a man may turne each thing by tuch in golde.  
False

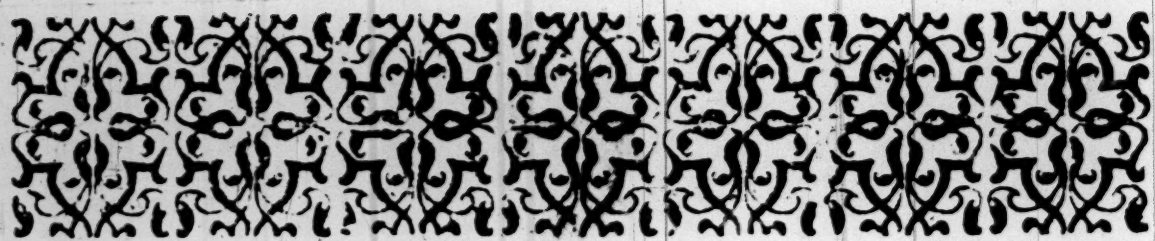


## POETICALL ESSAYES.

False *Eriphile* now regards but greed of gaine,  
 And will betray *Anphiaras* to get a golden chaine.  
 The *Belidean* Dames in number five times ten,  
 (There is no *Hypermestra* now) will kill their married men.  
 False proud *Polinices* will *Theban* crowne possesse,  
 And banish poore *Eteocles* gainst parents will expresse:  
 And proud *Plexirtus* too *Leona's* bastard brother,  
 Makes *Tydeus* strive with *Telenor*, and one to kill the other.  
*Urania Klaius* sturs with *Strephen* still to strive.  
 Nor can the Prince of *Macedon* find *Musidor* online.

Thus looke from sex to sex, no fayth nor truth remains,  
 Crow's flee but where the Carion lyes, & worldlings go for gains,  
 I speak not now allace, by speculation vaine,  
 A practise in my persone past procurs my peereles paine:  
 For why, I som-time had a Mistres and a Freind,  
 She fals false frequent to that sex: hee les woorth nor I weind  
 Shee lymping *Vulcan* still admits in *Mauers* bed,  
 Hee like a subtrill *Sinon* goes in *Damons* liuerie cled:  
 Shee *Pluto* black for me doth in her bed imbrace,  
 Hee but a caus hath east me off: O care:contruying case.  
 Was thou not once to mee *Pandora* deir and sweet,  
 Till thou vntyed the balefull box with painefull plages repleit?  
 And was thou not againe a *Kallias* vnto mee?  
 But foolish *Alcibiad* I, to trull so much in thee.  
 Then, Som-time Freind, farewell; farewell my late lost Loue:  
 A *Lais* light, a *Sinon* fals, thus maks mee to remoue.  
 Betwix this doolefull deuce, how can my dayes indure,  
 Sence he hath playd the hypocrit, and shee the hatefull hoore?  
 And yet for kindnes old, I will conceyl your names, (shames:  
 And make your conscience black, a Iudge to both your secret  
 And sence both thou, and thou, haue thus contriu'd my fall,  
 Dis keeps my Dame, Dis katch my freind, & make me free of all,

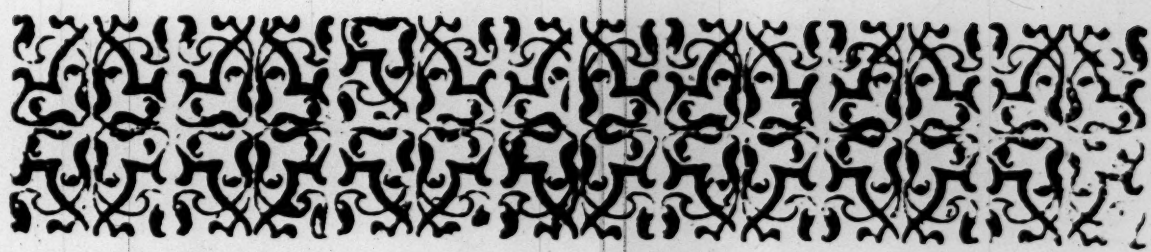




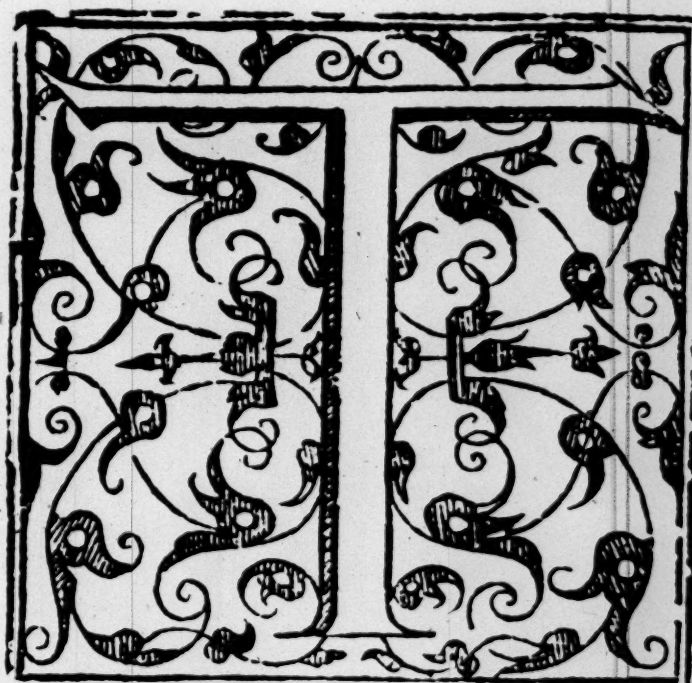
## SONET.

**I** Some time had a Mistres, and a Freinds;  
Shee fair, hee good; and louely both to mee:  
But both are wax'd vnweorthier nor I weind:  
Deceitfull shee, and most vnconstant hee:  
Thus for each lyne, I giue my selfe a lye,  
That heretofore into their praise I pend,  
Hee, shee, and I, are alwayes chayng'd all three:  
They first, I last; and thus our Loues must end.  
Trew Friends allace, lyke blackest Swans are rare,  
And fayrest faices full of most deceit.  
This causes mee alone for to regreat,  
And from each eye to wring a bloodie teare:  
And since no sex beneath the Sunne is trew,  
Falsc friend fareweell, faire facill Dame adew.





## To his Calidonian MISTRIS.



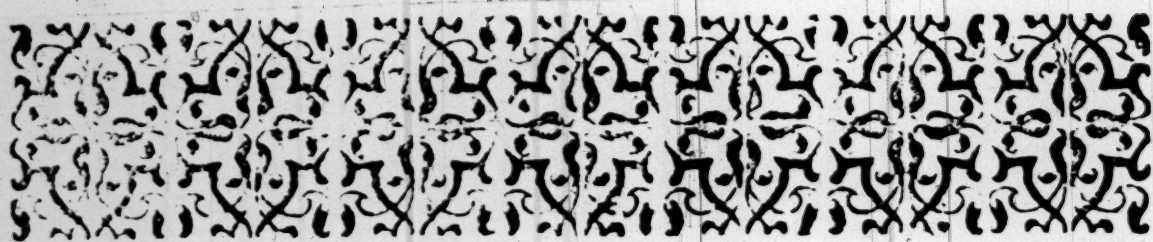
Hemistocles after a great  
Victorie by nauall Bat-  
tell, came to visite the  
slaughtered bodyes of his  
Enemies, and found by  
the Seaside many Iewels  
and Chaynes scattered.  
Then said he to his freind  
who then by chaunce fol-  
lowed him, Gather these  
spoyles, for thou art not  
Themistocles . This

worthles Epistle like a loose or neglected Iewell, though the wise  
and woorthy Themistocles ouerpass, I pray thee sweete Mi-  
stes peruse and preserue, least it perish; sence too, and for thee, it is  
done: when I am absent, or dead, it may breed thy delight, and  
make thee haplie remember thou once had

*A louing and kind man,*

CRAIGE.





## TO HIS CALIDONIAN MISTRES.

**W**HEN I remember on that time, that place,  
Where first I fix'd my fanſie on thy face,  
The circumſtances how, why, where, and when,  
My Miſtreſſe thou, and I became thy Man:

Whiſt I repeat that proceſſe full of paine,  
How firſt we met, and how we twind againe,  
Our ſweete acquaintance, and our ſad depart,  
It breeds a ſea of ſorrowes at my hart:  
And yet for all theſe ſorrowes I luſtine,  
With ſigh ſwolne hart, and teares bedew'd eyne,  
As I haue lou'd, ſo ſhall I loue thee ſtill  
Vnto the death, hap either good or ill.  
And now I ſweare by that true loue I owe thee,  
By all the ſighs which day by day I blow thee:  
By all the verſe and charming words I told thee,  
By all the hopes I haue for to beholde thee:  
By all the kiſſes ſweete which I haue reſt thee,  
And all the teares I ſpent ſince laſt I left thee:  
That abſence helps (not hinders my deſire)  
And ſets new force and Fagots to my fire:  
Each thing that chance preſents and lets me ſee,  
Brings arguments, and bids me thinke on thee.  
For when they told me of that wrathfull flame,  
Which from the high and holy heau'n downe came  
On *Pauls* faire Church, and that cloud-threatning Steeple,  
And how it flam'd in preſence of the people.

Then



## POETICALL ESSAYES.

Then with my selfe thought I, this fire was quencht,  
But mine endures, and by no tears is drencht:  
And were not hope accrestis with desire,  
I had long since consum'd amid this fire.

And when I viewd those walles of *Farnham* fayre,  
Where *Lamuel* with his Lady made repaire;  
I layd me downe beside the ditch profound,  
Where *Gumener* despairing Dame was dround,  
And fell on sleep vpon that fatall brinke,  
And still on thee sweete hart I dreame, I thinke.  
And were it not, that by the tract of time  
The well was full with earth, with stone, and lime,  
There had I drownd, and by my fatall fall  
Made end with her of loue, and life, and all:  
Yet halfe asham'd least curious eyes should finde me,  
I went away, and left huge teaires behind me.

And when I spide those stones on *Sarum* plaine,  
Which *Merlin* by his Magicke brought, some faine,  
By night from farr *I-erne* to this land,  
Where yet as oldest Monuments they stand:  
And though they be but few for to behold,  
Yet can they not (it is well knowne) be told.  
Those I compar'd vnto my plaints and cryes,  
Whose totall summe no numers can comprise.

Olde *Woodstocks* wrackes to view I was despos'd,  
Where *Rosamond* by *Henrie* was inclos'd:  
The circuits all and wildefome wayes I view,  
The Laberinth, and *Cliffords* fatall Clew.  
And where those time-worne monuments had beene,  
Where nought remaines but ruines to be scene:  
Yet in my hart moe wracks, moe wayes I fand,  
Then can be made by any humane hand.  
And all these wondrous wonders which I see,  
Makes me but wonder more and more on thee.



## POETICALL ESSAYES.

That rhon be well both day and night I pray,  
And for thy health once I carrouse each day:  
From pype of Loame and for thy saike I souke,  
The flegm-attractive far-fett *Indian* smouke:  
Which with my braine and stomach beares debate,  
And like the lethall *Aconite* I hate,  
That poyfning potion pleasant seems to mee,  
When I determe it must be drunke for thee.

From *Venus* sports I doo indeed abstaine,  
Nor am I now as I was woont so vaine:  
Chast *Dians* laws I do adore for good,  
Who kild her loue *Orion* in the flood.

Drunke *Bacchus* maits I hold for none of mine,  
I taste no *Celtic* nor *Iberian* Wine:  
Looke on my *Lyns Lyæum*, none they smell,  
But *Helicons* poore streams, where *Muses* dwell.

For all those rare delights which *England* yeilds,  
Of faces faire, of braue and fertill feilds:  
For all the pleasurs which our Court frequent,  
Such as mans heart would wish, or witt inuent:  
Yet I protest, I rather begg with thee,  
Then be sole King, where seau'n were wont to bee.

But when my Freend thy berar spurd with pane,  
The Roist to see this Chalkie shoare agane,  
And brought thy symbol discolor of hew,  
With commendations kind, but not anew,  
I ask'd him how thou was? hee shooke his head.  
What man (quoth I) and is my Mistres dead?  
No (answerd hee) but seik deir freend: Quoth I,  
Thou know's I loue; I pray thee make no lye.  
In faith but seik, and is no doubt err now,  
As weel (sayd hee) as ather I or yow.  
Tis hee affirmd with solem oaths anew:  
And yett allace I doubt if they betrew

Heare



## POETICALL ESSAYES.

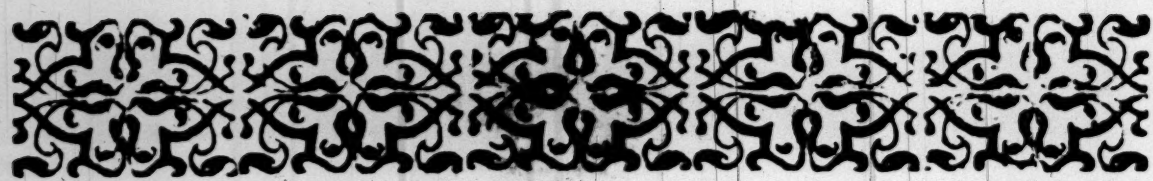
Here where the Pest approacheth vs so nare,  
To smother breath before wee be aware :  
For at the gates of our most royll King,  
Corrupted Carions lie ; O fearefull thing :  
Yet feare I still for thee, my loue is such,  
And for my selfe I feare not halfe so much :  
And now I feare these feares ere it be long,  
Will turne to Agues, and to Feuers strong.  
Long are my nights, and dolefull are my dayes :  
Shott sleeps, long waks ; and wildsom are my wayes :  
Sadd are my thoughts, lowr sighs ; and salt my tearis :  
My body thus els waik both wayes and wearis.

For losse of *Calice*, *Mary* Englands Queene,  
Had sighs at hart, and teares about her eyne,  
When I am dead, caus ryng my hart sayd shee :  
And in the same shall *Calice* written bee,  
Die when I will, thy name shall well be knowne,  
Within my hart in bloods characters drawne.  
But if (*faire Dame*) as yet on liue thou bee,  
This Papyre then commends my loue to thee :  
And if thy life by wrathfull weards be lost,  
Chast *Laura* then thy *Petrarch* loues thy ghost :  
And yet my hopes assures mee thou art weell,  
And in these hopes a comfort hidd I feell.  
This for the time sweet hart, that thou may kno,  
I leaue thy man, and loue but thee ; and so,  
Till by thy wreat I know thy further will,  
I say no more, but sigh, and seals my Bill.

F.

Sonnet





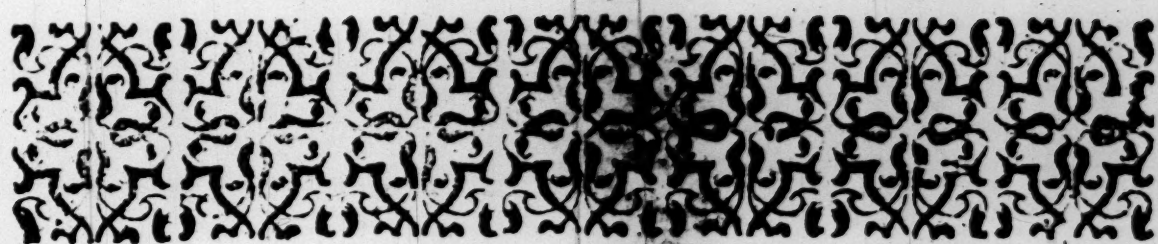
## SONET.

**F**rom this *Abydos* where I duyne and die,  
And fore God know's against my hart remaine,  
I wreat with wo sweet *Sestian* Saint to thee,  
And blacke this Paper with the Inck of paine,  
No waltering waues of *Neptun* moone-mou'd maine:  
Nor *Helleponts* impetuous contrare tyde,  
No Sea nor Flood, no stormie Wind nor Raine,  
Are lets or barrs that from thy bound I bide,  
My wayes allace doth ielous *Argus* keepe,  
And I am not acquent with *Mercur's* skill,  
To lull aud bring his watching eyes asleepe,  
That I may wish, and thou may haue thy will:  
Yet till we meet, a constant *Hero* proue,  
And whill I liue thou art *Leanders* Loue.

CRAIGE.

To





# To the Kings most Royall Maiesttie.

## I. SONET.

**K**Ind *Attalus* in *Annals* old wee reid,  
Was King of *Pergame* by the *Romans* ayde,  
Hee long time brookt the same, but foraine feid,  
Which made those noble *Romans* to be glad:  
And yet becaus hee had no heys, 'tis sayd  
Hee to those foresayd *Romans* did resigne,  
His Diadem and Crowne, and what hee had  
Hee gaue to them, that erst made him a King.  
Hade I been made no Poet S. but Prince  
Ot fertill bounds for *Parnase* bare and dry,  
Your Grace had gott my Crowne and all long since,  
For I laik heys, and none more kind then I.  
To vse thee sweet inchanting Poets vaine,  
You gaue mee Reuls, I giue you Ryms againe.

Sonet





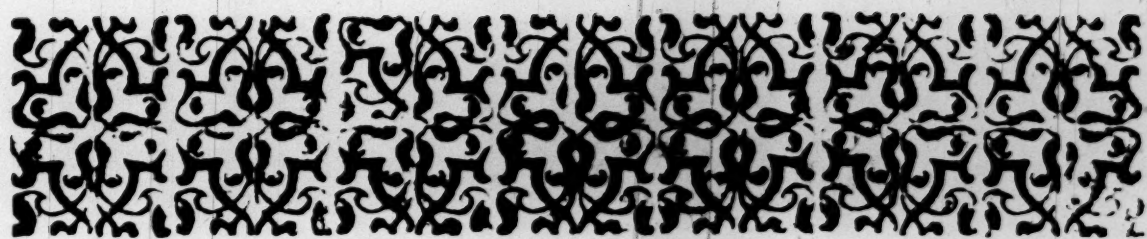
## 2. SONET.

**A** NACREON two dayes two nights did watch,  
Till he return'd *Policrates* againe;  
These Talents two which hee receiued, fond wratch;  
To wake for wealth, and pinch him selfe with paine.  
But contrarie wayes, I like ~~his~~ *soull* am slaine:  
I wake for want, and not for wealth allace:  
My voyce is hoarse with cryes; dry is my braine,  
Yet get I not the smallest graine of grace.  
A *Cythared* though poore, did sweetly sing,  
Caus *Dionise* did promise him reward.  
And thus to thee I weare most gracious King,  
In hope thy Grace will once my greiffs regard:  
And by my Pen thy prayles shall be spred,  
From rising Sun to *Hesperian* bed.

*Non omnis moriar.*

CRAIGE.





## To the Author.

**W**HY thought fond *Greece* to build a solid fame,  
On fleeing shades of fables passing vaine?  
Why did her selfe-deceauing fantasie dreame,  
That none but shee, the *Muses* did maintaine?  
Shee sayd, these sacred Sisters did remaine  
Confinde within a *Craig* which there did lie,  
That great *Apollo* selfe did not disdaine,  
For that rough *Palace*, to renounce the skie:  
That there a Well still drawne, but neuer dry,  
Made Lay-men Poets eir they left the place:  
But all were ta's, which Fame doth now bely,  
And builds vp *Albions* glorie, to their disgrace.  
Lo here the *CRAIGE*, whence flow's that sacred Well,  
Where *Phæbus* raigns, where all the *Muses* dwell.

*Re Aytonc.*